

NOTED TYPES OF THE VANISHING RACE

Indian Life as Portrayed by J. H. Sharp, America's Foremost Portrayer of the Red Man



NA-TU-YA (BLESSSED) BLACKFOOT. NOW OWNED BY MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST



"A GIFT FOR HER BRAVE" A FIRELIGHT STUDY WITH A STORY. COPYRIGHT BY J. H. SHARP, '04.



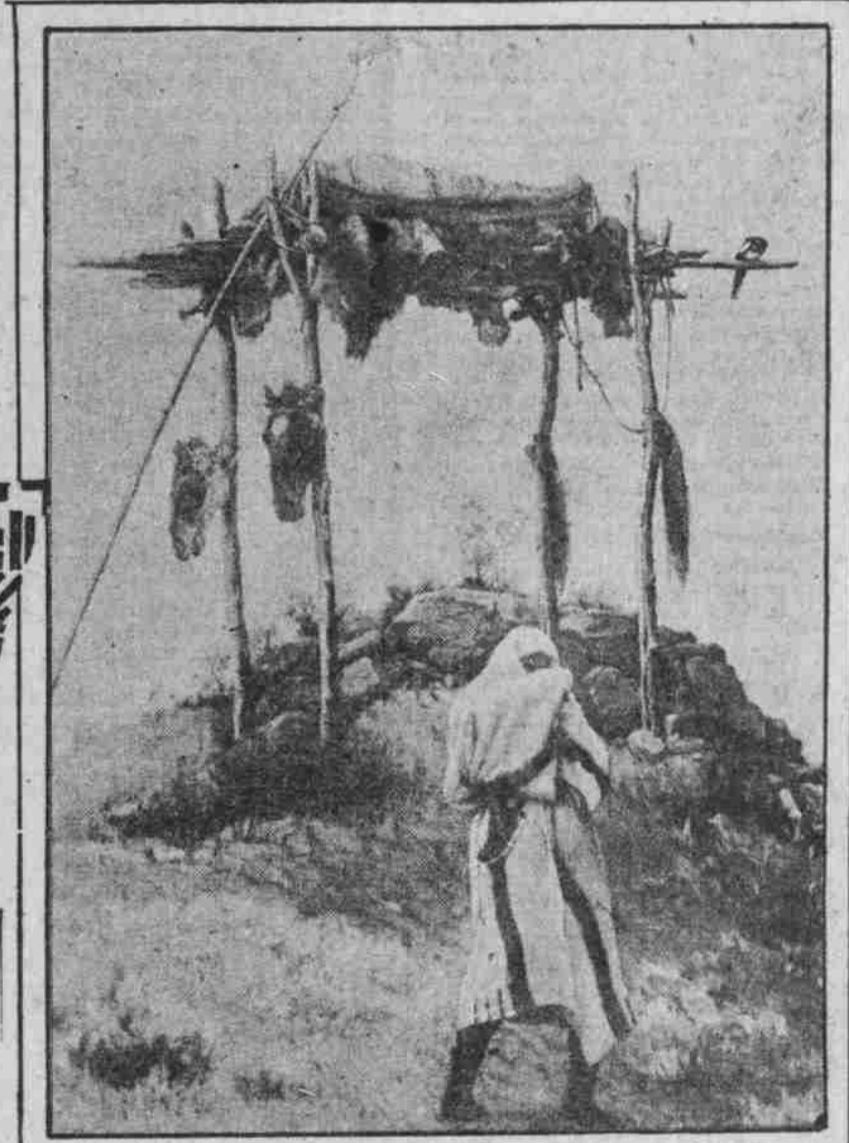
TWO LEGGINGS, CHIEF OF CROWS, NOW IN SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



THE DEATH SPIRIT



J. H. SHARP, FOREMOST PAINTER OF INDIANS, IN HIS SHEEP WAGON ON THE CROW RESERVATION.



"THE VOICE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT" ONE OF THE MOST FAITHFUL AND STRIKING OF SHARP'S INDIAN PICTURES, SHOWING THE GRAVE OF A SIOUX CHIEF. COPYRIGHT BY SHARP '04

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

If you visit Crow Indian reservation in Winter, the chances are you will see the gleam of a sheep wagon top somewhere on the prairie. On making your way to the wagon, instead of finding the customary sheep herder, you will find an artist working vigorously away at some bit of reservation landscape, and in that way you will become acquainted with J. H. Sharp, universally conceded to be the greatest painter of Indians, besides being one of the finest landscape painters America has produced.

Mr. Sharp has been honored with some great commissions. Several years ago the United States Government purchased a dozen Indian heads for Smithsonian Institution—showing how strong is the ethnological appeal of the man's work—and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, of California, gave him a five-year commission to paint Indian heads and pictures for the University of California, which now has about a hundred paintings of the chiefs and leading men of various tribes. In addition, Mrs. Hearst has many of Mr. Sharp's paintings in her private collection, which is one of the finest in the United States.

Mr. Sharp's studio proper is a commodious log cabin at Crow Agency. This retreat, which is filled with Indian paint-

ings from various reservations, and rare Indian curios collected in all parts of the West, is called "Abarokke hut"—Abarokke being the tribal name of the Crow Indians. It is here that Mr. Sharp does the bulk of his work. He spends his winters on the Crow reservation, for the superb landscape effects, this being one of the most beautiful parts of Montana. Then, too, the Crows are probably the finest physical specimens of plains Indians and make excellent subjects for the painter, though they are very difficult to secure for posing. In this respect Mr. Sharp finds constant trouble. He visits the various reservations in rotation, and seldom does he find an Indian who is a willing subject. For 15 years he has been working against such discouragements, and but for the fact that his fund of patience is inexhaustible, and also that his wife renders him invaluable aid, he would have abandoned his great work long ago.

Difficulties With Models.

"The public has no idea what a man undergoes in painting Indians," said Mr. Sharp, speaking of the difficulty of getting the redmen to act as models. "It is impossible, almost, to get models for a picture like 'The Voice of the Great Spirit.' In working out such a painting one has to make separate studies, without letting the model see the picture itself. One fine-

June-like woman I needed for the painting mentioned, and I tried for weeks to bribe her with money, presents and coaxing. I was in despair, and happened to mention my difficulty to the agent. He said: 'I'll get Julia for you.' In a short time he brought her over and she posed. When I asked the agent how he had worked the miracle, he said: 'Well, Julia wants to get married, and I told her that I'd hold up the wedding until she posed for that picture.' There is another story in connection with that very painting and the same model. Julia balked at the bare ankles. Later I got another woman for that. After much coaxing she went over to a neighbor's tepee and returned—with one bare ankle. I had to paint it, and then she returned to the tepee, put on the moccasins and leggings and took off the others, and returned to pose for the other ankle.

"I pay all my models \$2 per sitting of from two to three hours, but it is hard to get them at that. Some of them have peculiar ideas of posing. Old Slow Bull, a noted Sioux chief, was on the reservation last summer. He has a beautiful face to paint, and I couldn't rest until he promised to give me a sitting. On the appointed day I waited until afternoon, and was about to give it up, when another Sioux came to tell me that Slow Bull couldn't come himself, but had sent this man in his stead to do the posing.

And this fellow was not paintable or interesting at all."

Caught the Indian Spirit.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Sharp started to paint Indians. Previous to that time he had been a member of the faculty of Cincinnati Art Academy for 10 years and had been abroad half a dozen times for study. Despite the discouragements that met him from the start, he found the work among the Indians most fascinating. He has visited all the reservations, and numbers many personal friends among the redmen. Nor are the Indians slow to praise the work of this artist, who has almost become one of them. No doubt this is due to Mr. Sharp's mastery of detail, such as the funeral wrappings at the grave in "The Voice of the Great Spirit." He has caught many customs peculiar to the Indians of the older generation—customs that will soon vanish in the present process of "civilizing" the red race.

His sheep wagon studio is always a matter of the keenest interest to the visitors that stray into Crow Agency and find the painter at work among such unique surroundings. The wagon has been service on the sheep range, and is one of the typical vehicles used by far Western herders, who are often compelled to live in them for months at a stretch. It is a heavy wagon, covered with a canvas top, like a prairie schooner and containing a stove,

and a bed and "all the comforts of home." The painter works in it a great deal in winter, finding it admirable for keeping ground and other reflections, besides keeping the paint from freezing.

Indians' Domestic Life.

Mr. Sharp has succeeded in doing what few white men have done—getting an insight into the real home life of the Indian. His Indians are not the austere, mock-heroic types that are painted by artists who work chiefly from imagination. In reality the Indian is a fun-loving individual, enjoying his joke and his dance and his social hours even more thoroughly than the average white man. Of course, he is superstitious, but there are many fine and beautiful things about his religion. Working from the sympathetic standpoint of a man who understands these things, Mr. Sharp has set a new standard for Indian painting and has upset many deeply rooted fallacies. Thanks to him, the Indian becomes less of a tradition and more of a human being. Such pictures as "A Gift for Her Brave" and "The Death Spirit" are telling glimpses into the real Indian home life, showing the joy and the sorrow that alternate in the tepee, even as they alternate at the hearth of the white family.

With the same perception, the artist seems to select the types that, from the ethnologist's standpoint, are nearest perfect. Little Na-tu-ya (Blessed), the Black-

foot maiden, has a purity of profile that would grace a gold coin in place of the type St. Gaudens selected, yet she is all Blackfoot. In the portrait of Two Leggings, one of the leading men in the Crow tribe, all the dignity of this admirable and always friendly tribe stands forth. When his mastery of color is added to the qualifications that have been mentioned, it is not strange that Mr. Sharp has taken pre-eminence in the field of Indian portraiture.

Mr. Sharp has not won his position in a day. Besides his struggles with his recalcitrant models, he has met reverses that would discourage a less earnest man. Once his cabin in the Blackfoot country

burned down and destroyed a great amount of valuable work. The artist was away fishing, and his wife went to meet him, as she did not want anyone else to break the news. When he heard what had happened, the artist, still smiling cheerily, remarked:

"I had a splendid day's fishing."

Someone asked the painter how he managed to keep at his work amid such drawbacks, and he said:

"You must give my wife full credit for what we are doing. She is my constant companion and chum, going everywhere, and is also interested in the Indians. I would not stay among them three days without her."

HAD FUN WITH A SEVEN-FOOT HAIR

National Magazine.

ONE of the overtures stories of this session of Congress was told in the cloak room by Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, whose dramatic mode of narration made the tale doubly impressive.

It seems that a judge of his acquaintance had a very charming wife, but she was overcast and was forever brushing microscopic dust from his clothes; still, all went well until she started on the "hair hunt." After that she never sat beside her husband for five minutes but she perceived a hair of some sort on his clothing, and hastened to remove it, be it hair of dog, cat, or human being.

About this time there came to the town a long-haired lady, possibly one of the Sutherland sisters, who sat in state at one of the principal hotels, daily exhibiting her seven feet of black hair to an admiring audience. The judge was present at one of these exhibitions, watched his opportunity, and secured a hair.

He and his wife were regular attendants at church, and at the Sunday morning services he suffered most from his wife's hair-finding proclivities. Just as he composed his mind to listen to the reading of the sermon—or even the prayers—he would feel a sudden pluck at some part of his

clothing—a hair was discovered—and so on all through the service. The judge feared that some time he would be heard to say a naughty word in church.

On the Sunday after his brief visit to the long-haired lady his last preparation for worship was singular. A corner of his handkerchief was carefully arranged to peep from his coat pocket, and, showing up the white background, dangled an end of black hair.

With marvelous patience he endured the searching scrutiny of the good lady beside him; her eyes soon reached his pocket, but a chance to secure the hair without attracting attention did not arrive until the sermon began, when the judge crossed his arms and was evidently absorbed in the eloquent utterances from the pulpit. A cautious jerk brought away a foot of black hair—another yank, another foot. There was a little surprise at the end was not reached—a third foot came to light, then a pause to be sure that the "hunt" was unnoticed. The judge crossed his arms and that hair, the good lady was exasperated and yank number five was energetic—still no end. The thing was like a nightmare—a chill came over her, but she was a determined and courageous American woman—yank number six—desperation—talk about nightmare—it was a joke to that! Once more pull and seven feet of hair was on

the seat between her and the Judge. It could not be left there for the sexton to marvel over, so it was hastily thrust under the heavy cover of her hymn book, while she mopped the perspiration from her face and fixed her eyes in rapt attention on the face of the minister, devoutly hoping that the "hair hunt" had been unobserved by the congregation.

Quietly the Judge's hand slipped down to the hymn book—a moment and the hair was in his pocket; no matter if it broke now. The sermon ended, the trefoil lady grasped the book with relentless grip, holding on for dear life as she walked home, concocting scathing sentences to be uttered in the privacy of home—no word of the Judge's pleasant conversation was heard.

The front door closed behind them.

"William, what did you have in your coat pocket this morning?"

The Judge looked at her with an innocent and questioning gaze.

"You had this," she went on, sternly, opening up the cover of the hymn book. There was the fly leaf with the name neatly written on it—nothing more, absolutely nothing more. She turned pale and stared blankly at her husband.

"Could I have lost it?" she said, faintly.

"You could not have lost a speck of dust from that book coming home, Mary," he gravely assured her. "I saw the ex-

WHERE DO THE WILD ANIMALS DIE?

BY THEODORE ZELI.

WHERE do wild animals die and what becomes of them after death? These questions have often been asked and many learned naturalists have tried to find satisfactory answers to them, but even at the present time comparatively little is known that would throw a clear light upon that subject. The question is simple enough and easily answered in some cases, but extremely difficult in other cases. In a large number of cases the animals are killed by other animals or by man and eaten. They find their grave in the jaws of their enemy, who in turn may find his grave in the stomach of some other more powerful creature. Of all living creatures man is the most blood-thirsty, and more animals fall victims to his greed, cruelty or appetite than to the murderous instincts of carnivorous or other animals.

It has been asserted that man is compelled to kill to prevent an excessive increase in the number of animals, which would threaten his very existence. The mission of the carnivorous animals seems to be a similar one. That such is the case may be learned from numerous examples. How necessary are cats and dogs to prevent rats and mice from becoming too numerous is well recognized in all parts of

WHERE DO THE WILD ANIMALS DIE?

the world infested with those rodents. It is also well known that agriculture would be practically impossible in some parts of India were it not for the tigers. In some districts wild hogs and monkeys are so abundant and destructive that no harvest could ever be hoped for without the welcome intervention of the tigers, which decimate the numbers of those enemies of agriculture. For that reason many voices have been raised against the threatened extermination of the tigers in India. Another example is furnished by the enormous increase in the number of rabbits which were introduced in Australia, where there are no carnivorous animals to hold the increase in the rabbit population in proper check.

How effectively animals check an excessive increase in the number of animals living upon vegetable food becomes apparent from figures given by various writers. According to Jules Gerard, 60 lions in the district of Bonn killed more than 15,000 animals of different sizes during the year 1856. One single wolf, which made the country around Tegernsee, Bavaria, insecure for nine years, caused damage to cattle to the amount of 19,000 florins during that time. In Russia 180,000 head of cattle and other large animals and 560,000 smaller animals are killed by wolves every year, not counting the

WHERE DO THE WILD ANIMALS DIE?

poultry which becomes their prey. It is incredible how many animals an eagle or hawk will kill and devour in one year.

Some have made the assertion that certain animals, when they feel the approach of death, retire to some hiding place, a cave, a hollow tree, or some crevice in the rocks and there await the end. This may be true and is decidedly probable, but does not explain the fact that only in rare cases are the remains of dead animals found in such places. It has often been commented upon that even in the districts where monkeys are abundant dead monkeys are scarcely ever found. Ancient writers like Pliny speak with remarkable erudition of the age which certain domestic and wild animals reach, but their writings throw no light upon the question as to what becomes of the animals after death. The number of carcasses and skeletons which are actually found is far too small to give a satisfactory explanation of that puzzling question which is still waiting for its Oedipus.

WHERE DO THE WILD ANIMALS DIE?

As a result of the Milan exhibition it has been decided to start an Italian monthly review in the interest of Italian women. The publication is to be called *Vita Femminile-Italiana*, and its object is to improve the moral, social, educational and economic con-